THE WEEKLY MONITOR.

VOL. I. *PHILADELPHIA, JULY* 14, 1804. No. 5.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM. PUBLISHED BY ABR. VICKERS, AT NO. 77, NORTH THIRD STREET, WHERE SUBSCRIPTIONS AND LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS (*post paid*), WILL BE GRATEFULLY RECEIVED.

INFLUENCE OF WOMEN IN SOCIETY.

WOMEN are, if I may use the expression, another soul of our being, which, though enveloped in a separate covering, accords most uniformly with all our sentiments, which they inspire; with all our desires, which they excite and participate; and with all our weaknesses, which they can commiserate, without yielding to their influence. If man be unhappy, he requires of his soul, an energy to enable him to support the load of physical sufferings, and of moral evils, still more difficult to sustain. But as this assistance must originate within himself, it necessarily partakes of the dejection which pervades his whole being. Should he resort to his other soul, he then feels how much the women deserve his admiration; these women who approach him in enchanting forms, and administer an unexpected balm to his sorrows; and who make him sensible in every particle of his being, that, although they appear distinct from himself, yet they are himself nevertheless. He observes these sweet participators of his joys and his sorrows unceasingly near him, who make him anticipate consolation, even before it is offered; whom he assents to at once, without waiting for the arguments of persuasion, and who appear an asylum against all misfortune. But, because we are endowed with corporeal strength, is it to follow, that the fair sex are to be born to slavery or submission? that they are to be dependent on our passions and caprices? awaiting the arbitrary decrees dictated to them by the forms of government, and the prejudices of men? Here adored as divinities; there esteemed as companions and equals; and again we may see them condemned to servitude and contempt. Yet, under all these different circumstances, we see them still retaining their characteristic distinctions, submitting with inexhaustible patience, and enduring with inconceivable fortitude. Their faults are not augmented under the pressure of distress and humiliation. And which of our qualities do they not possess? One alone, Anacreon says, has been denied them; and that is prudence. But, as they are every where led themselves, and never, unless by a temporary usurpation, are able to assume the lead of others, they have less inducement to the exercise of foresight than the men. Their extreme sensibility, too, pleads their apology in this respect. Alive as they are to every impression that can excite their feelings, their situation is little calculated for the calm exertion of foresight; but, being too apt to yield themselves up to the suggestions of the moment, they not unfrequently pass their lives in alternate action and repentance. Various have been the opinions of celebrated writers with regard to the fair sex: some have considered them as equal in every respect to the other sex; while others have condemned them to perpetual frivolities. And no doubt examples might be quoted, both in support and refutation of both these modes of judgment; yet I must observe, that the number of those who have written in their praise is much greater than that of their calumniators. Some have denied them any share of political talents; yet how much address and intelligence have they not evinced in important intrigues, and even in negociations? How many treaties, and unhoped for alliances, have they conducted, of which the men received the honor, but the merit of which belonged to the women.

If the men can boast of more prudence, the women have less egotism; and so entirely do they devote themselves to others, that they have at length given reasons to believe, that nature ordained the sacrifice; and hence all our laws oppress them, and of them are all privations required. Among no people, even the most savage, have we seen the men obliged to offer themselves up a sacrifice on the tombs of their wives, as the women have been on the funeral piles of their husbands. And the history of men affords us no instance of an illustrious and voluntary victim of love, such as Dido, and many others that might be mentioned.

Ever disposed to commiserate our distresses, to participate in our joys, and to offer us every addition to our happiness, evincing only the fear of poverty in the means of assisting us; and if slighted or neglected in our prosperity, yet ready to return at our call, if fresh misfortunes oppress us.—Such are the generality of women. In this view, how can we chuse, but love them? In other respects, how can we cease to pity them? Withheld from the pursuits of any occupation, scarcely allowed to regulate the concerns of their own family, bringing us wealth which they never command, and presenting us with children who are not committed to their power; such is their condition. Yet it cannot be denied, that if the one seems to be endowed with peculiar qualities, not possessed by the other, we cannot deny the other advantages equally to be valued; that where corporeal strength is wanting, they possess qualities to make up the deficiency; that in moments of transient equality, they have evinced an ability equal to ours; and that, with the exception of inventive genius, their intellectual faculties are not inferior to our own.

From the Ladies Monthly Museum,
For November, 1803.

MRS. KNOWLES.

Mrs. Knowles is a native of Staffordshire, and now the widow of Dr. Knowles, a much esteemed physician in London. Her parents being of the society of Friends, she was carefully brought up in substantial and useful knowledge; but this alone could not satisfy her active mind; for she has been long distinguished by various works in the polite arts of poetry, painting, and more especially the imitation of nature in needlework. Some specimens of this last having been accidentally seen by their Majesties, they expressed a wish to see her; and she was accordingly presented in the simplicity of her Quaker dress, and graciously received. This and subsequent interviews, led to her grand undertaking, a representation of the King in needlework, which she compleated to their entire satisfaction, though she had never seen any thing of the kind.

We next find her accompanying her husband on a scientific tour through Hol-

land, Germany, and France, where they obtained introduction to the most distinguished personages, such as the Prince and Princess of Orange; at Versailles, to the Messieurs and Mesdames of the Royal Family; and at last she was admitted to the toilette of the late unfortunate Queen, by her own desire. The appearance of Quakers was to that Princess quite a phenomenon, concerning whose tenets she was politely earnest for information, and acknowledged these heretics to be philosophers at least.

She has written on various subjects, philosophical, theological, and poetical, some of which have been published with her name; but more anonymous; and we are informed, her modesty retains in manuscript far more than has appeared to the public, which her friends cannot but hope will sometime come abroad to the world. When urged on this subject, she would say, "Even arts and sciences are but evanescent and splendid vanities, if unaccompanied by the Christian virtues!"

We shall conclude this article with the dialogue between her and Dr. Johnson, by which it will appear, at least, that she is no contemptible advocate for the principles of the respectable society of Friends.

Mrs. K. Thy friend, Jenny H——, desires her kind respects to thee, Doctor.

Dr. J. To *me!*—Tell me not of her! I hate the odious wench for her apostacy: and it is you, Madam, who have seduced her from the Christian religion.

Mrs. K. This is a heavy charge, indeed. I must beg leave to be heard in my own defence: and I entreat the attention of the present learned and candid company, desiring they will judge how far I am able to clear myself of so cruel an accusation.

Dr. J. (much disturbed at this unexpected challenge) said, You are a woman, and I give you quarter.

Mrs. K. I will not take quater. There is no sex in souls; and in the present cause I fear not even Dr. Johnson himself.

("Bravo!" *was repeated by the company, and silence ensued).*

Dr. J. Well then, Madam, I persist in my charge, that you have seduced Miss H—— from the Christian religion.

Mrs. K. If thou really knewest what were the principles of the Friends, thou would'st not say she had departed from Christianity. But, waving that discussion for the present, I will take the liberty to observe, that she had undoubted right to examine and to change her educational tenets, whenever she supposed she had found them erroneous: as an accountable creature, it was her *duty* so to do.

Dr. J. Pshaw! Pshaw!—An accountable creature!—Girls accountable creatures!—It was her duty to remain with the church wherein she was educated; she had no business to leave it.

Mrs. K. What! not for that which she apprehended to be better? According to this rule, Doctor, had'st thou been born in Turkey, it had been thy duty to have remained a Mahometan, notwithstanding Christian *evidence* might have wrought in thy mind the clearest conviction! and, if so, then let me ask, how would thy *conscience* have answered for such obstinacy at the great and last tribunal?

Dr. J. My conscience would not have been answerable.

Mrs. K. Whose then would?

Dr. J. Why the *state*, to be sure. In adhering to the religion of the state as by law established, our implicit obedience therein becomes our *duty.*

Mrs. K. A nation, or state, having a conscience, is a doctrine entirely new to me, and, indeed, a very curious piece of intelligence; for I have always understood that a government, or state, is a creature of time only; beyond which it dissolves, and becomes a non-entity. Now, gentlemen, *can* your imagination body forth this monstrous individual, or being, called a state, composed of millions of people? Can you behold it stalking forth into the next world, loaded with its mighty conscience, there to be rewarded or punished, for the faith, opinions, and conduct, of its constituent *machines* called men? Surely the teeming brain of Poetry never held up to the fancy so wondrous a personage!

(When the laugh occasioned by the personification was subsided, the Doctor *very angrily replied,)*

I regard not what you say as to that matter. I hate the arrogance of the wench, in supposing herself a more competent judge of religion than those who educated her. She imitated you, no doubt; but she ought not to have presumed to determine for herself in so important an affair.

Mrs. K. True, Doctor, I grant it, if, *as* thou seemest to imply, a wench of twenty years be not a moral agent.

Dr. J. I doubt it would be difficult to prove those deserve that character who turn Quakers.

Mrs. K. This severe retort, Doctor, induces me charitably to hope thou must be totally unacquainted with the principles of the people against whom thou art so exceedingly prejudiced, and that thou supposest us a set of Infidels or Deists.

Dr. J. Certainly, I do think you little better than Deists.

Mrs. K. This is indeed strange; 'tis passing strange, that a man of such universal reading and research, has not thought it at least *expedient* to look into the cause of dissent of a society so long established, and so conspicuously singular!

Dr. J. Not I, indeed! I have not read your Barclay's Apology; and for this plain reason—I never thought it worth my while. You are upstart sectaries, perhaps the best subdued by a silent contempt.

Mrs. K. This reminds me of the language of the Rabbies of old, when their hierarchy was alarmed by the increasing influence, force, and simplicity, of dawning truth, in their high day of worldly dominion. We meekly trust, our principles stand on the same solid foundation of simple truth; and we invite the acutest investigation. The reason thou givest for not having read Barclay's Apology, is surely a very improper one for a man whom the world looks up to as a moral philosopher of the first rank: a teacher, from whom they think they have a right to expect much information. To this expecting, enquiring world, how can Dr. Johnson acquit himself, for remaining unacquainted with a book translated into five or six different languages, and which has been admitted into the libraries of almost every court and university in Christendom!

(Here the Doctor *grew very angry, still more so at the space of time the gentlemen allowed his antagonist wherein to make her defence, and his impatience excited* Mr. Boswell *himself in a whisper, to say,* "I never saw this mighty lion so chafed before!")

The Doctor *again repeated, that* he did not think the Quakers deserved the name of Christians.

Mrs. K. Give me leave then to endeavour to convince thee of thy error, which I will do by making before thee, and this respectable company, a confession of our faith. Creeds, or confessions of faith, are admitted by all to be the standard

whereby we judge of every denomination of professors.

(To this, every one present agreed; and even the Doctor *grumbled out his assent.)*

Mrs. K. Well then, I take upon me to declare, that the people called Quakers do verily believe in the Holy Scriptures, and rejoice with the most full and reverential acceptance of the divine history of facts as recorded in the New Testament. That we, consequently, fully believe those historical articles summed up in what is called the Apostle's Creed, with these two exceptions only, to wit, our Saviour's descent into Hell, and the Resurrection of the Body. These mysteries we humbly leave just as they stand in the Holy Text; there being, from that ground, no authority for such assertion as is drawn up in the creed. And now, Doctor, can'st thou still deny to us the honourable title of Christians?

Dr. J. Well!—I must own I did not at all suppose you had so much to say for yourselves. However, I cannot forgive that little slut, for presuming to take upon herself as she has done.

Mrs. K. I hope, Doctor, thou wilt not remain unforgiving; and that you will renew your friendship, and joyfully meet at last in those bright regions where pride and prejudice can never enter!

Dr. J. Meet *her!* I never desire to meet fools any where.

(This sarcastic turn of wit was so pleasantly received, that the Doctor *joined in the laugh; his spleen was dissipated; he took his coffee, and became, for the remainder of the evening, very cheerful and entertaining.)*

THE VINDICTIVE FATHER.

A FRAGMENT.

"Away, away; I will not hear you."

"*Father*, have compassion—Oh! regard your suppliant child as formerly, when you called me, your Emily—the supporter of your declining age, and the soother of your sorrows."

"Ah! too true—But, alas! how sadly changed!—You were, indeed, my only joy—my only comfort—Now—my curse—my torment.—Favoured by the night, you insidiously quitted your paternal roof—With whom?—with a villain—a seducer of your honour—a destroyer of my peace!—Your fond and tender mother has already fallen a victim to her ehild's disobedience—and I—But away, wretched girl!—I cannot—will not listen to you."

"Do not curse me, my father; let me hear you bless your wretched daughter—for pity's sake!—One word of comfort.—I own my fault.—Though I love my husband, yet I still reverence my father. Oh! had you known the many hours of misery I have endured, labouring under your curse—a father's curse!—you would have pitied me. Bless me, my parent—bless your repentant Emily---Not one look?---not one paternal look?---Oh! I have deserved---Have mercy, Heaven! Bless my father.—Hark!—my mother calls.—Away! I come!—she smiles upon me! she does not curse her daughter! —Hark!—she calls again!—Mother, I come!"

"Emily, my love," (said he, overpowered with the feelings of a parent) "I do not curse you. Revive, my daughter, and bless me with your smiles. You have my warmest forgiveness."

"Did you not hear her?—she grows impatient.—Farewell, father!—Edward! Oh! my heart."

These were the last words the once lovely Emily Savill uttered. Enjoying the affluence of her father, and educated in gay life, she had fixed her affections on a young officer of the most seducing manners, but trifling fortune. Her father refused his consent; the consequence was an elopement. Their indiscretion produced very serious pecuniary distresses. A reverse of fortune brought with it, on Edward's part, a reverse of love, while she doated on him to distraction. Long and frequent was he absent from her; yet she patiently endured his neglect, and scorned to complain; but the anxieties of her heart preyed on the roses of her blooming cheek; the lustre of her brilliant eye was gone; and pallid grief marked the traces of each lovely feature. Too truly did she imagine her Edward's love was fled. Her fine-strung nerves could ill endure the mutual coldness of a father, and of a husband: humility and anguish led her to implore the forgiveness of the former, which, if obtained, might alleviate, in some measure, the wound occasioned by her Edward's neglect: But alas! her father's forgiveness arrived too late. The result is before shewn. He sunk on the bosom of his penitent and lifeless daughter; and exhausted nature at the same moment released him from terrestrial shackles; and they now lay united in the silent grave.

GALVANISM.

From the late important and striking experiments in Galvanism, it appears, 1. That, taking the cessation of excitability to the Galvanic stimulus as the criterion of life, the heart is not the *ultimum*, but the *primum*, *moriens;* for, while the muscles of the limbs were excited to strong contractions, for even several hours after apparent death, the heart was utterly incapable of being excited to action, either by applying the extremity of the metallic arc to the surface or to the interior of this organ. 2. That the lungs were equally inexcitable as the heart. 3. Not only were the muscles, but the skin and cellular membrane, excited by the Galvanic stimulus. 4. The contractions of the muscles were excited by the metallic arc, applied to the nerves supplying the muscles; but the nerves themselves were not affected. 5. The raising up of the arm was produced, as if by volition, by the Galvanic stimulus. 6. A milky or coagulated matter was formed by repeated contractions of the muscle in contact with the copper wire. 7. When the parts ceased to give out motion, the motion was renewed, with augmented force, by wetting them with a solution of sal-ammoniac.

In attempting to restore suspended animation by means of the Galvanic stimulus, it is recommended that oxygen gaz should at the same time be applied to the lungs.

Mr. *Cuthbertson* has constructed an instrument by which the Galvanic fluid may be applied effectually, for any length of time, without manual assistance, and will, without doubt, hereafter, be as commonly used as our present electrical machines.

From the European Magazine.

CURIOUS RETURN OF A QUAKER, UNDER THE DEFENCE ACT.

"He was led as a lamb to the slaughter; and as a sheep before his shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth."....

I am a Christian, and profess to believe in the gospel of Christ, the precepts, nature, and spirit of which gospel lead me to be persuaded, that like my master, Jesus, the Prince of Peace, I ought to suffer all things, to love all men, and to kill none—therefore no martial service is to be expected from

JOHN SMITH.

Torbock-street, Liverpool,
14th of the 8th mo. 1803.

TO A MOTHER.

Oh! thou dear fountain, whence my life arose,
Which rich in blessing still unceasing flows,
Accept my verse and let my thanks be heard,
For all thy pains endured—thy gifts conferr'd.
Oh! let a duteous son his feelings speak,
While tears of gratitude bedew his cheek.
If but a gloom my infant face oppprest,
A pang maternal wrung thy anxious breast,
A secret joy through thy glad bosom flew,
As year on year, my rising stature grew.
'Twas thine to guide my infant heart to truth,
'Twas thine to turn to virtuous deeds my youth.
Oft flow'd instruction from thy suasive tongue,
While on thy arm attentively I hung.
How can I pay the debt immense—or where
Begin my gratitude for all thy Care?
Forever let thy name my soul inspire,
Thy happiness remain my chief desire;
Thy precepts still my utmost care employ,
To hear, my duty—to obey, my joy.

TO A YOUNG LADY IN HER ILLNESS.

Spring was the season of the reign of Love;
(Thus sang in fabled legends poets old)
'Ere Faith and Concord fled to realms above,
And war to iron turn'd the age of gold.

'Tis Spring:—and sweetly thro' the woods and dales
The breath of Zephyr and of music plays:
Enamour'd birds repeat their tender tales,
And build their nests among the budding sprays.

'Tis Morn, as blithe as when the new-born light
O'er Eden first his golden mantle threw:
For lo! the sun dispels the shades of night,
And fires the verdant lawn with pearly dew.

And late as Eve unfolds her sable robe,
Studded with stars superb of twinkling ray,
The moon as fair reveals her silver globe,
As when in Paradise she clos'd the day.

But neither spring, nor sun, nor moon, nor star,
With varied charms can give my bosom ease;
For, hence, alas! Eliza droops afar,
Immur'd the prey of sickness and disease.

Father of life! whose spirit heals the air,
When fierce disorders rage, or tempests roar:
Oh! hear! Oh God of love! my fervent prayer,
And to my arms, in smiles, my love restore!

THE FARMER AND THE POET.

A Farmer's son, nam'd Richard Ravel,
Had long indulg'd a wish to *travel*;
If such a term may be apply'd
To viewing *London*'s brilliant side;
For there all Dick's ideas center'd;
His father thought the boy distemper'd.
No longer would he take delight
In driving plough from morn to night;
And if he follow'd with the grain,
No single pray'r was made for rain;
Not e'en the bliss of *harvest home*
Could banish the fond wish to roam!
At length a London Friend went down,
Which gratify'd the pensive clown;
A cousin by his mother's side;
And, to increase poor Richard's pride,
This cousin claim'd the rank of poet,
If 'tis allow'd that couplets show it:
However, he was self-applauded,
Though he had never been rewarded
With an immortal crown of bays,
For all his various doggrel lays!
Yet Dick was ready to admire!
And thought he heard Apollo's lyre
Whene'er his strains the poet chaunted,
Or in rhapsodic tones had ranted;
Lines, in which sense was so confounded,
That Dick's ideas all were stounded.
The Poet, pleas'd with admiration,
Grew very fond of his relation;
Condemn'd his father for concealing
Such sense, such spirit, and such feeling!
And said, that under his tuition,
Dick's talents would acquire fruition;
And that the glorious goddess Fame
Would loudly herald Ravel's name!
Old Ravel, who had never found
A wish arise beyond his ground,
Had new ideas fill his brain,
And glory superseded grain!
The rays which shone on Richard's head,
He proudly thought would beam and spread,
And he should shine from borrow'd light,
Just like the Cynthian Queen of night!
Leave was obtain'd; they went together;
Dick's heart was light as any feather;
His mind was fraught with expectation
Of rising to some potent station!
Yet who shall paint the youth's surprize
When Russel Court first met his eyes!
A narrow stair-case they ascended,
Where sun ne'er shone, or light befriended,
The door unlock'd, a room appear'd
With plaister'd walls, and all besmear'd
With dirt and smoke: two stools were seen;
A bed, hung round with tatter'd green;
A broken table patch'd together,
With two long strips of dirty leather;
A grate, devoid of tongs and shovel—
"Is this," cried Dick, "your wretched hovel!
"Oh, sad! and what a smell is here!
"In mercy let us have some air.
"Why, cousin, I can't draw my breath!
"I'm sure this place will be my death!"
Without attending to his guest,
The poet then unlock'd his chest,
Took out a crusty piece of cheese,
A few dry'd onions, and some pease;
Brisk struck a light—blew up a flame;
Whilst the poor votary of fame
Stood planet-struck—not knowing whether
His wits remain'd secure together!
An old tin saucepan next was brought,
In value not worth half a groat;
In truth, seem'd like a nest for fleas,
Yet in the Poet popp'd his pease,
Then put the onions—call'd for water,
Saying, "he thought that shameful slaughter
"Made amongst beasts, and birds, and fishes,
"To gratify the taste with dishes,
"Degraded man! and felt a shock
"Whene'er he saw a mutton chop!" [to eat!"
"Shock'd!" exclaim'd Dick; "What, shock'd
"Yes," said the Poet, "vulgar meat!
"Why, Richard, has't thou never heard,
"A creature, neither beast or bird,
"Lives upon air? Why should not man
"Adopt the same refin'd, chaste plan?
"Instead of stuffing, like a glutton,
"His stomach with the fat of mutton?
"Fumes of gross meat affect the brain,
"Clog the ideas with a chain,
"Prevent transcendent thoughts from rising,
"Which cannot be at all surprising;
"For those who study Nature's laws,
"Know that effect's produc'd by cause."
"I know," said Dick, "I've been a fool;
Seating himself upon a stool;
"But wiser folks might be mistaken;
"Yet, Coz. pray get a piece of bacon,
"To boil along with them there pease."
"No, that I would not e'en to please
"The Poet Laureat, ever do it;
"So, once for all, Dick, now you know it."
Dick said no more—but sudden starting,
Snatch'd up his hat, resolv'd on parting;
Went to an inn—call'd for a steak,
Yet felt as if his heart would break.
"Live upon air!" said he, "indeed;"
Yet this was not his country creed,
For he could twitch a chicken down,
And drink a pot of our stout brown!
"But what a fool was I for thinking
"This place, which certainly is stinking,
"Better than that pure wholesome air
"Where father lives, and drowns all care!
"But, e'er to-morrow's sun goes down,
"I'll be far distant from this town;
"And never, never wish to travel,
"If there's belief in Richard Ravel;
"Then cultivate my father's grounds,
"And never stir beyoed their bounds."